

The Eclogues of Virgil

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Kind regards

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1870  
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*Vergilius Maro, Pablius*

# THE ECLOGUES

OF

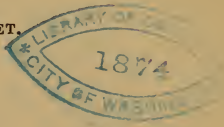
VIRGIL

Translated into English Verse.

BY

HENRY DUNCAN SKRINE

WARLEIGH MANOR, SOMERSET.



*Bath,  
Wm J. Dawson, Printer, Market Place.*

1868

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TO MY DEAR WIFE

SUSANNA CAROLINE SKRINE

ON OUR SILVER WEDDING DAY.

---

To thee, who five and twenty years  
Hast journeyed down the vale of tears,  
Thy hand in mine, thy heart and mind  
With mine in true affection joined,  
I dedicate these feeble lines,  
Designed to point where VIRGIL shines,  
And make his tender Poems clear  
To English maidens' chastened ear.  
Thy smiles encouraged the essay,  
And watched its progress day by day:  
For dear to thee are wood and field,  
And each pure pleasure which they yield:  
And thou hast loved our *Warleigh's* bowers,  
And all its meadows pied with flowers;  
The gentle kine there born and bred,  
The sheep and lambs its sward hath fed;  
The hum of bees—the water's fall,  
And those sweet songsters one and all;

And, nestling 'neath the ancient trees  
Those cots secure from stormy breeze,  
Where dwell thy neighbours evermore,  
The humble and contented poor.  
'Mong simple folk and things like these  
The Roman Poet takes his ease,  
And like a stream that winds along  
Through a rich valley flows his song,  
Its rippled surface bearing trace  
That Heaven hath smiled upon its face.  
Oh scorn him not—though dark and blind  
To thy clear sight appear his mind:  
For noble was the Poet's aim,  
To raise by verse his country's fame,  
And win himself a deathless name;  
And true and loyal was the love  
Which revered the gods above.  
And when he seems to soar on high  
Or hail some great one from the sky,  
We deem that on his spirit bright  
There flashed a ray of GOD's own light.

H. D. S.

*Dresden, August 3rd, 1868.*

THE ECLOGUES

OF

VIRGIL.



# ECLOGUE I

---

*Melibœus Tityrus*

*Mel.* Ah! Tityrus beneath the shade  
Of the wide-spreading beech tree laid,  
On ~~caten~~ <sup>slender reed</sup> pipe thou dost prolong  
The echoes of the wood-nymph's song:  
While we our country forced to leave,  
And those sweet fields—sad exiles grieve;  
We fly from home, thou stretched at ease  
Fillest with songs the listening trees,  
Thine Amaryllis' love to please.

*Tit.* A god to me this leisure gave  
O Melibœus, and shall have  
Due honour to his altar paid;  
And many a lamb of mine there laid

Shall prove him such,—for as ye see  
 He lets my herds at liberty,  
 Roam where they will,—and this poor reed  
 May freely sound—a poet's meed.

*Mel.* I do not envy thee, my friend,  
 I only wonder where will end  
 This sad confusion, widely spread  
 Through all the land. With aching head  
 My flock of goats thus far I drive,  
 And one I lead is scarce alive;  
 Just now beneath the hazel shade,  
 Hope of the flock, her twins were laid :  
 On the bare flints her troubles came,  
 I now remember to my shame.  
 The heaven-touched oaks had prophesied  
 Some evil soon would us betide.  
 But tell me, Tityrus,—in truth,  
 What god is this that saves from ruth?

*Tit.* Oft, Melibœus, have I deemed,  
 (Fool that I was—I idly dreamed,)  
 This city men call Rome, to be  
 Such as our Mantua we see,  
 Where oft we're wont to drive our lambs  
 To market from their bleating dams.

As dogs with whelps resemblance share,  
And kids their mothers' image bear,  
So was I wont in this our state  
To measure humble things with great.  
But Rome doth raise her head as far  
Above what other cities are,  
As in the woods the cypress tall,  
Towers o'er the hawthorns, one and all.

*Mel.* But what caused thee great Rome to know?

*Tit.* My freedom. Late she came and slow,  
After long years—when full in view,  
My whitened beard unheeded grew.  
Of Galatea's love bereft  
To Amaryllis I was left;  
Till then, of liberty no thought  
Or gold within my bosom wrought;  
So long as Galatea's charms  
Detained me in her loving arms.  
Though many a victim from my fold  
Was sent to grace God's altar old,  
And cheeses rich the city fed:  
All unrequited, home I sped.

*Mel.* Now know I, Amaryllis fair,  
 For whom those apples thou did'st spare,  
 And why so sadly thou did'st call  
 Upon the gods, I see it all.  
 Dear Tityrus was far away,  
 "Tityrus," the pines did say;  
 And every fountain and each tree  
 In plaintive tones kept calling thee.

*Tit.* I could not 'scape from being slave,  
 Nor elsewhere gods' protection crave;  
 What could I do? To Rome I came,  
 That youth I saw:—mine altar's flame  
 Twelve days each year in thankful praise,  
 To honour him, my friend, I'll raise.  
 He granted ere 'twas asked my prayer,  
 At once with condescension rare;  
 "Pasture your herds, boys, as of yore,  
 And rear your stock, and fear no more."

*Mel.* Happy old man, thy fields remain,  
 And this is wealth, e'en tho' the plain  
 With barren stones be overspread,  
 And marshy reeds lift off their head.



No pasture strange shall fret thy ewes,  
Nor neighbour's flock disease infuse :  
Happy old man ! by well known streams  
And sacred founts,—trees shade thy dreams.  
Thy neighbour's hedge with willows twined,  
Invites to sleep thine anxious mind ;  
Hyblæan bees its flowers among  
Shall lull thee with their quiet song.  
Oft 'neath the rock the pruner sings,  
And all the air with music rings ;  
Wood-pigeons wild, thy special care,  
Keep cooing hoarsely to thee there ;  
And from the elms the turtle doves  
Cease not to moan their tender loves.

*Tit.* The stags shall pasture in the sea,  
The fishes flounder on the lea ;  
The Parthian drink of swift Arar,  
The German of the Tigris far,  
When exiles both from native land  
They wander over foreign strand ;  
'Ere I forget the kindly glance  
That did my very soul entrance.

*Mel.* But we must go to distant lands,  
The thirsty African's hot sands,  
Or Scythia—and dwell beside  
The swift Oaxes' chalky tide ;  
Or seek the world-divided shore  
Of Britain, to return no more ;  
For ne'er to me the joy shall come,  
To see once more my Fathers' home :  
The little clay-built cottage dear,  
My harvest gone—the straggling ear !  
For barbarous soldiers' impious hand,  
Is master now of my good land ;  
Those fallows rich—that harvest fair,  
Oh ! civil strife hath left us bare.  
Was it for these thy seed was sown,  
O Melibœus ? must thou own  
For these thy pears were grafted, and thy vines  
For these disposed in equal lines ?  
Farewell ! my happy flock erewhile,  
My she-goats dear, to keepers vile  
I leave ye now—nor more shall see  
In shady cave extended free,  
Your graceful forms upon the rock,  
In thicket hang—Farewell dear flock !

No more for you my songs shall flow,  
Nor me for guardian shall ye know,  
While on the flowery clover mead,  
And willows' bitter bark ye feed.

*Tit.* Yet here thou could'st this night reclined  
On leafy couch soft slumber find ;  
Ripe apples strew my garner floor,  
And chestnuts sweet,—of cheese good store.  
Long shadows down the mountains fall  
The villas smoke, inviting all.

## ECLOGUE II

---

*Alexis*

The Shepherd Corydon in vain  
Had tried Alexis' love to gain,  
His master's pet—and though he knew  
No hope was his—yet passion-true  
Mid the dense beeches in the shade,  
By the o'erhanging mountains made,  
With rude, untutored songs, alone  
To woods and hills, he made his moan.  
“Alexis,” if thou dost not care  
For my sweet songs,—yet, cruel, spare  
My bleeding heart, nor bid me die.  
Thou seest the herds in cool shade lie,  
The lizards green in bushes hide,  
And Thestylis this hot noon-tide

Doth for the wearied mowers dress  
A fragrant thyme and garlic mess.  
But thy swift footsteps while I trace  
'Neath the hot sun in eager race,  
The hoarse cicadas swarm the ground,  
And with their notes the woods resound.  
In patience long did I abide  
Cross Amaryllis' wrath and pride,—  
Was't not enough? Menalcas, too,  
Though fair art thou, and dark his hue,  
Yet, lovely boy, complexions fair  
Trust not,—they often fade—beware.  
White privets on the fire are thrown,  
Black whortleberries sweet are known.  
I am despised,—but dost thou know  
Who 'tis whose worth thou ratest low?  
My herds are fine, and more and more  
Flows the white milk—my pails run o'er.  
Far on Sicilian mountains spread,  
For me a thousand lambs are fed;  
New milk in summer fails me ne'er,  
In winter we have some to spare;  
And when my cattle distant roam,  
I know the songs will bring them home:

Songs which Amphion, music's king,  
In Aracynthus used to sing,  
And make the mountain echoes ring.  
And call not thou my features mean,  
For in the calm blue ocean seen,  
With Daphnis' self I might compare  
If we may trust that mirror fair.  
Oh! could'st thou but consent to share  
With me these acres poor and bare :  
With me in humble cot to dwell,  
And strike the deer in forest dell :  
Or drive my kidlings with a reed,  
On green hibiscus roots to feed ;  
Aided by me, 'twill not be long  
Ere Pan thou rivallest in song.  
Pan, who first taught the rustic mind  
The oaten straws with wax to bind,  
A Shepherd he, to Shepherds kind.  
Nor shalt thou e'er repent the pains  
That taught thy lips those dulcet strains,  
Think what would not Amyntas give  
If in such sounds his soul could live.  
A seven-reed pipe which once had known  
His master-hand,—to me alone

Damœtas gave,—and dying spake—

“Second to me its notes awake.”

Such was Damœtas’ latest word,

The envious Amyntas heard.

Two kids, besides, well marked with white,

On whom by fortune I did light,

In vale unsafe,—and which two sheep

With milk support, for thee I keep.

Thestylis has many a day

Prayed me to take those kids away ;

It shall be done,—since now I fear

No gifts of mine to thee are dear.

But come, thou beauteous boy, behold—

The nymphs, for thee now grown more bold,

Their baskets full of lilies bring,

The radiant Nais too doth fling

Before thee violets blue and white,

Tall poppies and narcissus bright,

Anise and cassia sweet and fair,

And every herb that scents the air ;

With bilberries and marigold,

A posy rare of blue and gold.

Mild quinces, too, with tender skin,

My careful hands shall gather in.

Chestnuts to Amaryllis dear,

And wax-bloomed plums whose worth is clear ;  
And laurels, you I'll pluck, and thee  
Sweet myrtle next, thou lovely tree—  
So blend your odours pleasantly.

Ah! Corydon, a boor art thou,

Thy gifts Alexis please not now ;  
And if in gifts thou dost contend,  
To rich Iollas thou must bend.

Alas! what have I done,—beguiled?—

The boars my fountains have defiled ;  
The south wind fierce hath forced my bowers,  
And scattered rudely all my flowers.

But why dost thou like madman fly

Whene'er thou hear'st my footsteps nigh?  
The gods have dwelt in woods, my boy,  
And Paris, also, prince of Troy.

Let Pallas in the cities dwell,

Whose towers she built, and loves so well.  
To me the woods such pleasure give  
That I am sworn therein to live.

The lioness the wolf pursues,

The wolf askance the she-goat views ;  
The wanton she-goat loves to browse



On the laburnum's flowering boughs.  
Each its own pleasure follows free,  
And I, Alexis, follow thee.

Down from the ridge the oxen now  
Are bringing home the upturned plough ;  
And shadows lengthening attest  
The sun doth seek his place of rest.  
But love within me burns—Oh when  
Were bounds e'er set to love by men ?

Ah ! Corydon, what madness now  
Hath chased the light from off thy brow ?  
Upon the elm half pruned remains  
The shrubby vine, and mocks thy pains.  
And is there nothing thou dost leave  
Of needful use, thy hands should weave  
Of osiers or soft rushes twined,  
While this sad folly racks thy mind ?  
If this Alexis scorns thee still,  
Another yet thine heart shall fill.

## ECLOGUE III

---

*Menalcas Damœtas Palæmon*

*Men.* Whose flock is this, Damœtas, say  
Does Melibœus own them? Nay;

*Dam.* Ægon's they are, who late to me  
In charge hath given them, you see.

*Men.* Poor sheep! Unhappy flock! He gave  
Your charge then to this hireling knave,  
Who'll milk you twice a day—poor dams,  
And starve to death your suffering lambs.  
His lord Neæra pets the while,  
And fears lest I should win her smile.

*Dam.* Such charges, mind, should not be made  
By those of whom worse things are said;

We know when he-goats looked askance,  
And smiling nymphs withdrew their glance.

*Men.* You mean when I cut Micon's tree,  
And with his vine-shoots made too free.

*Dam.* I meant Menalcas when I spoke,  
The time when Damon's bow you broke,  
And arrows. It was in the shade  
Of the old beech; and when he said,  
Poor boy, they were a gift—you cried;  
You wreaked your spite, or you'd have died.

*Men.* Whom can the masters now believe,  
When such as thou thus lie and thief?  
Did I not see thee unaware  
Take Damon's he-goat from the snare,  
While sharp Lycisca loud did bark?  
And when to Tityrus I called—"Hark,"  
"See, now, the way that fellow runs,  
Look to your ewes and little ones."  
You ran behind the sedge to hide,  
You scamp, it cannot be denied.

*Dam.* But don't you know that goat was mine,  
I won him singing at the wine,  
When Damon's pipe was forced to yield  
This goat the guerdon of the field;  
He would not give him up, 'tis true,  
But owned that it was justly due.

*Men.* What! you beat Damon? when, I pray,  
Had you a wax-bound pipe to play?  
Have we not heard you in the lanes  
From wretched straw send dismal strains?

*Dam.* Suppose we try, then, which sings best,  
To set this matter quite at rest:  
Here, now, I pledge a heifer fair,  
Two calves her swelling udders share,  
Twice to the pail she comes each day :—  
What is thy stake, Menalcas, say?

*Men.* I dare not pledge a single sheep,  
Such strict account my parents keep;  
At home my father is severe,  
Unjust my stepdame whom I fear :  
They count each day the flock twice o'er,  
And e'en the kids must come to score.

Two beechen cups there are of mine,  
 Carved by Alcimedon divine:  
 These are my stake, since Fool, you dare,  
 They far surpass your "heifer fair."  
 The pliant tendrils of the vine,  
 And ivy with dark berries twine,  
 By his skilled hand the bowls around:  
 Their centres with two heads are crowned.  
 One Conon, and the other he  
 Who drew with compass land and sea,  
 The nations all,—and did define  
 When men should mow the harvest fine,  
 And when the ploughman draw his line;  
 These never by my lips were pressed,  
 But treasured in my chamber rest.

*Dam.* Two just such cups for me he made,  
 And in the centres he displayed  
 Orpheus, who by his wondrous strain,  
 Leads captive woodlands in his train:  
 And where the cups the handles joined,  
 The acanthus' lissom leaves he twined;

These never yet by lips were pressed,  
 But treasured in my chamber rest.  
 But could you see my heifer nigh,  
 You would not rate your cups so high.

*Men.* Nay, you escape not—I abide  
 By your own terms whate'er betide :  
 Let some one judge,—why, who comes near ?  
 Palæmon,—he the cause shall hear :  
 Now will I teach thee to restrain  
 Henceforth thy insults rude and vain.

*Dam.* Come on, then, since you list to try,  
 I dally not, nor thought to fly :  
 But, friend Palæmon, give good heed,  
 Great is the stake and high the need.

*Pal.* Here on soft turf we take our seat,  
 Begin, my boys, the time is meet :  
 The fields with early grass are green,  
 And Spring has clothed the woodland scene :  
 And every fruit and forest tree,  
 Its bud and blossom scatters free ;

The loveliest time of all the year,—  
Thee first, Damœtas, will I hear :  
Alternate sing—alternate rest ;  
Such songs the wood-nymphs love the best.

*Dam.* Begin my muse with lofty Jove,  
Who filleth all things with his love ;  
The earth he blesseth, and my lays  
By him accepted, rise in praise.

*Men.* Me Phœbus loves,—for him I rear  
The gifts that to his heart are dear :  
His laurel in my garden grows,  
And hyacinth's sweet shades of rose.

*Dam.* At me, my Galatea threw  
An apple, wanton girl, and flew  
Behind the willows, racing speed,  
But to be seen first took good heed.

*Men.* Oft of his own accord, my friend,  
Amyntas here his steps doth bend ;  
Not Delia's face is better known,—  
My dogs his coming joyful own.

*Dam.* I've found a gift my love to please,  
I marked it on the lofty trees :  
'Tis where the wild wood-pigeons breed,  
For her their callow young they feed.

*Men.* I gave Amyntas what I could,  
Ten golden apples ripe and good :  
I picked them off a wilding tree,  
Ten more to-morrow shall he see.

*Dam.* Oh ! that my tongue could fitly tell  
What words from Galatea fell ;  
Ye winds to heaven's hearing bear  
Part of what blessed the listening air.

*Men.* Amyntas, 'tis no use to say  
You love me well ; if every day  
You go a-hunting the wild boar,  
I watch the nets for evermore.

*Dam.* This is my birthday, Iollas, dear,  
Send me quickly Phyllis here :  
And come thyself, to grace the day,  
A fatted calf, you know, we slay.



*Men.* Phyllis I love the best of all,  
For when I left her tears did fall :  
Her words were, "Iollas" (sooth to tell)  
"Beauteous boy, Farewell! Farewell!"

*Dam.* 'Tis sad in folds the wolf to hear,  
Sad is rain to the ripened ear ;  
Sad to the trees the tempest's path,  
To me my Amaryllis' wrath.

*Men.* Sweet to the young corn is the shower,  
Sweet to weaned kids the arbuté's flower :  
Sweet to their dams the willow bough,  
To me, Amyntas, only thou.

*Dam.* The learned Pollio hath long  
Admired my rude and humble song ;  
Pierian nymphs a heifer feed,  
For him who loves your verse to read.

*Men.* Pollio, to greet thy poems new,  
A noble bull I rear for you :  
His horns already butt the air,  
His fiery hoofs the sands uptear.

*Dam.* Take him who loves thee, Pollio, home,  
With thee celestial fields to roam,  
For him may fragrant honey flow,  
And balm on the rough bramble grow.

*Men.* Let him who Bavius doth not hate,  
Mævius learn to imitate ;  
With them to yoke the foxes try,  
And milk the shaggy he-goat dry.

*Dam.* Ye boys, who pluck the flowers fair,  
And trailing strawberries,—beware ;  
In ambush in the grassy field  
The slimy snake oft lies concealed.

*Men.* Proceed no farther, sheep, for know  
The firm bank 's but an empty show :  
Just risen from the foaming tide,  
The ram not yet his fleece hath dried.

*Dam.* Thy she-goats, Tityrus, restrain,  
And drive them from the stream again ;  
When time shall serve, myself will lave  
Their fleeces in the crystal wave.

*Men.* Drive in the sheep, Boys, ere the heat  
Dry up their milky produce sweet:  
If this continues, soon in vain  
Your hands will at the udders strain.

*Dam.* Alas! alas! how poor art thou,  
Though richest pasture feeds thee now,  
My bull. To thee and to thy lord  
Love doth the same sad fate accord.

*Men.* But these have no such cause to show,  
Why through their skin their bones should grow:  
Some evil eye's malignant hate,  
My tender lambs doth fascinate.

*Dam.* Can'st tell me where the human eye  
No more of heaven can descry  
Than three ells' breadth? so shalt thou be  
The great Apollo's self to me.

*Men.* Tell me where those weird flowers grow,  
Which on their petals graven show  
The names of kings, and I resign  
All hope to call sweet Phyllis mine.

*Pal.* 'Tis not for me between you two,  
To pass a judgment firm and true :  
Each hath the heifer nobly won,  
And sure I am,—that never one  
Who true and tender love doth prize,  
Shall favour lose in woman's eyes.  
But come, my Boys, turn off the rill,  
The meadows now have drunk their fill.

## ECLOGUE IV

---

Teach me, Sicilian Muse, a nobler song,  
On shrub and brushwood we have dwelt too long ;  
These please not all ; if woods again we sing,  
Then must those woods be worthy of a king.  
The Sibyl's Rhymes, behold, are coming true,  
The order of the world begins anew ;  
The virgin now returns, and Saturn's reign,  
An offspring new descends from heaven again.  
A son shall now be born,—beneath whose sway  
The iron age shall yield to golden day :  
Aid thou the birth, Lucina, chaste,—for know  
Thine own Apollo rules o'er all below.  
Thy consulship, my Pollio, shall proclaim  
Through each great month, the glory of his name.

Should ancient guilt remain—within thy year,  
Its fading trace shall rid the world of fear.  
He comes gods' life to share, with gods to see  
Heroes converse, and with them aye to be,  
And with his father's glorious virtues clad  
Shall rule the peaceful world by him made glad.  
But first to thee, blest Boy, with liberal hand  
Shall spring the produce of the untilled land;  
The twining ivy with its berries crowned,  
And lilies with acanthus strew the ground.  
The goats untended yield their milky store,  
The timid herds the lion fear no more :  
Thy cradle shall produce its own sweet flowers.  
The snake shall die, and in the vernal bowers  
No poisonous herb shall live : Assyrian balm  
Shall spread on every side its healing charm.  
While on the praise of heroes, and the deeds  
Of thy great sire thine ardent spirit feeds,  
And virtue's self by bright example knows,  
Meantime the plain with golden harvest glows ;  
The thicket wild with purple grapes doth bend,  
And from the mighty oak soft honey dews descend.  
Yet of the ancient vices shall remain,  
Some traces still ;—a few shall plough the main

With ships,—the city's walls shall rise,  
And furrows deep the teeming earth surprise.  
Once more shall Argo chosen chiefs convey,  
Once more a Tiphys guide them on their way:  
Wars shall revive, and with his pristine joy  
The great Achilles lead the host to Troy.  
But when to man's estate thy stature grows,  
The sea no more the hardy sailor knows;  
The ship no more the merchant's goods shall bear,  
For every land itself shall all things share.  
No more shall fields be hoed, or pruned the vines,  
No more the steers the sturdy ploughman joins;  
The wool no more with dyes deceitful glows,  
But on the sheep the fleece vermilion grows,  
And now 'tis saffron gold—now sweetly blushing rose.  
Such say the sisters three, whose hearts are one,  
Like our own threads the centuries shall run;  
Approach, thine honours take, the time draws near,  
Dear child of Gods, Jove's mighty offspring hear,  
Behold this wondrous birth creation own,  
Earth, sea, and sky beneath their burden groan,  
And bow with joy before the coming throne.  
Oh! may to me such span of life be given,  
Truly to sing thy deeds to earth and heaven:

Not Orpheus' self shall me transcend in song,  
Nor Linus :—though unto the first belong  
His mother-Muse, Calliope the fair ;  
And Linus with his sire Apollo dare.  
Pan, too, shall yield in Arcady the blest,  
If Pan with me the wager shall contest ;  
But thou, dear boy,—thy mother's heart the while  
Begin to greet with thy celestial smile.  
Long has she sadly waited for the joy  
Which thou must bring,—our hope, her darling boy.  
Smile, then, dear child, and make thy mother glad,  
Unblest the babe whose parents' face is sad ;  
'Tis not for such the Gods their table spread,  
Nor such with whom a Goddess deigns to wed.



## ECLOGUE V

---

*Menalcas Mopsus*

*Menalcas*

Mopsus, since thou and I are met,  
Our minds in concert duly set ;  
Thou skilled the flute's soft power to prove,  
With verses I men's hearts to move.  
Why should we not here take our seat,  
Where thick these elms and hazels meet.

*Mopsus*

Menalcas choose, the elder thou ;  
My will to thine should rightly bow :  
Shall we in yonder cavern rest,  
With the wild vines' spare clusters drest :  
Or here enjoy the quivering shade,  
Where zephyr with the leaves has played.

*Menalcas*

In these our mountains, thee alone,  
Amyntas doth his rival own.

*Mopsus*

Indeed! 'tis said Amyntas vies  
With great Apollo in the skies.

*Menalcas*

But, Mopsus, let me hear thee sing,  
If Phyllis' love can tune thy string;  
Or Alcon's well deserved fame,  
Or Codrus' wrath thine heart inflame;  
Begin,—and leave dull care behind,  
Good Tityrus the kids will mind.

*Mopsus*

Nay, by thy leave I will rehearse  
To thee, my yet unspoken verse,  
Which on the green beech-bark I wrote,  
And for the flute and voice did note:  
And when I've done, if such thy will,  
Let great Amyntas try his skill.

*Menalcas*

As to the silvery olive yields  
 The waving willow of the fields,  
 And the Valerian's humble flower  
 Can never match the roses' bower :  
 So in my poor judgment ne'er  
 With thee, Amyntas can compare :  
 But now no more, my Boy, for here  
 Your shaded cave invites us near.

*Mopsus*

Daphnis by cruel Fate to Hades borne,  
 With bitter tears the wood-nymphs sadly mourn ;  
 Ye hazels, witness, and ye rivers clear :  
 And piteous 'twas to see his mother dear,  
 When falling on the body of her son,  
 In anguish sore that such a deed was done ;  
 She cruel called the gods, and bright stars every one.  
 No one that day my Daphnis was there found  
 To cooling streams thy steers to lead,—around  
 The kine dejected stand,—no heifer there  
 Would quench her thirst, or taste the herbage fair.  
 Thy death, oh ! Daphnis ! so the mountains say,  
 And the wild woods,—e'en by the beasts of prey

Was mourned. The Punic lions groan,  
And sadly the Armenian tigers moan,  
Which harnessed, late thy chariot meekly drew,  
As Bacchus' erst, whose dance thou didst renew ;  
And teach again the willow spears to bind,  
With the dark ivy streaming in the wind.  
As on the trees a glory is the vine,  
As clustered grapes upon her branches shine :  
As all the herd the lordly bull commands,  
And glowing harvests crown the fertile lands,  
Such Daphnis is thy praise with those thou callest thine.  
Aye, since the Fates have taken thee away,  
Pales hath left the fields, quenched is Apollo's ray :  
And where the golden barley once was sown,  
Unfruitful darnel and wild oats have grown :  
For dark narcissus and soft violet,  
The thorn's sharp spur, and thistles rough are set.  
Plant thick the ground with trees, bring shadows grey,  
To shield the sacred founts from garish day :  
Ye shepherds, Daphnis binds this charge on you,  
And ye must raise his tomb, and add this record true :  
Here Daphnis lies,—to woods and heaven well known  
Fair beauty had his flock. Fairer his own !

*Menalcas*

Poet divine ! thy tender song  
Is welcome as soft turf along,  
When sink our limbs with toil opprest,  
Comes gentle sleep to seal our rest :  
Or as to bubbling brooks we run,  
To quench our thirst when flames the sun.  
Nor is thy flute alone the peer  
Of his, who was thy master here,  
But thy rich voice which charms the ear.  
But we in turn by verse will strive  
Once more his spirit to revive,  
And for he loved us too, will raise  
Daphnis to Heaven, in Heaven your Daphnis praise.

*Mopsus*

What greater pleasure could'st thou give?  
The youth deserves in song to live,  
And Stimicon thy verse hath praised  
Already, and my hopes hath raised.

*Menalcas*

Daphnis in robe of purest white arrayed,  
With strange delight Olympus hath surveyed;

Heaven opens wide to him her gates of gold,  
Beneath his feet the clouds and stars are rolled :  
Therefore the woods and every rural voice,  
Pan, the wood-nymphs, and shepherds all rejoice.  
No ambushed wolf awaits the herd to slay,  
Nor brings the net the noble stag to bay ;  
Daphnis loves peace and every gentle way.  
A hymn of praise from every wood-crowned hill,  
And from the trees he loved,—ascendeth still,  
From the tall cliff the joyful echoes sound :  
A God, Menalcas ; yes, a God is found.  
Be good to thine, a present God indeed,  
And when to thee we pray, propitious heed :  
Four altars, lo ! my pious hands shall raise,  
Two are for thee, two great Apollo praise.  
Two bowls for each of foaming milk I'll pour,  
Of oil two cruses from my purest store ;  
And when our feasts with copious wine we hold  
Before the blazing hearth in winter cold ;  
At harvest-time beneath the branching shades,  
While joyful dance around our boys and maids ;  
From flagons full shall flow the juice divine,  
A nectar new, rich Ariusian wine.  
Ægon of Crete, Damocetas too, shall sing,

And with their sweetest songs the roof shall ring.  
Alphesibœus, ravished by the sound,  
Like nimble Satyr in the dance shall bound :  
This shall be done, both when to wood-nymphs dear  
Our vows we pay, and when the fields we clear.  
While on the mountain ridges roams the boar,  
While bees wild thyme delights, the fish the roar  
Of the hoarse torrent, and each morning's dew  
Doth for the grasshopper its food renew.  
So long thine honours and thy lofty name  
Shall through thy friends' dear love be known to Fame.  
As mighty Bacchus,—golden Ceres kind,  
Thou year by year shalt stir the rustic mind  
To thee their vows to make, in thee believe,  
And fear lest foul neglect its due reward receive.

*Mopsus*

How shall I thank thee for thy song ?  
Ne'er whisper of the southern breeze,  
Nor shore resounding to the seas,  
Nor brook, the rocks that bounds among,  
Did through my ear such echoes sweet prolong.

*Menalcas*

But let me first present to thee

This flute, which erst in fancy free,

“Warbled the wood-notes wild” and clear,

My friends have often loved to hear:—

“The shepherd Corydon in vain,

Had sought Alexis’ love to gain,”

And taught besides that other lay,—

“Whose flock is this, Damœtas, say.”

*Mopsus*

And thou, Menalcas, take this crook:

Antigenes with wistful look

Of me hath often begged it sore,

But I denied him evermore;—

And yet his love was never scorned,—

Beauteous it is with brass and equal knots adorned.



## ECLOGUE VI

---

Long time with me in sylvan dell  
My Muse Thalia deigned to dwell,  
And taught me to restore again  
The ancient Syracusan strain :  
But when my swelling bosom tried  
To sing of wars and kingly pride,  
Straight to mine ear with touch of flame  
The great Apollo's whisper came :—  
“A shepherd, Tityrus, should feed  
His sheep, and tune a humble reed.”  
So now by high behest enjoined,  
To rural scenes I bend my mind ;  
Well knowing, Varus, that thy name  
Will never lack the trump of Fame :  
For many poets will be found  
Thy wars and noble deeds to sound.

But yet if Love should e'er inspire  
The mind of any with desire,  
These lines to read;—My shrubs shall sing,  
And through the woods thy name shall ring :  
No song to Phœbus is more dear  
Than that which brings our Varus near !

Begin, Pierian nymphs, your song.  
Once in a cavern stretched along,  
In last night's wine his senses drowned,  
Silenus by two lads was found,  
One Chromys, one Mnasyllus bold.  
Firm clenched in his tenacious hold,  
The heavy wine cup downward hung ;  
And from his head were lightly flung  
The wreaths which late his temples crowned.  
With these at once his arms they bound,  
In hope to win the promised song,  
Wherewith he had deceived them long :  
And Aegle, fairest of the fair,  
Bright Naiad, urges them to dare,  
And with the mulberry's rich dyes,  
Paints lightly o'er his cheek and eyes.

When waking up he spied their fun,

“Unhand me, Boys,” he said, “’tis done,”

“Enough—you’ve seen. I’ll give the song.”

“I’ll pay thee off, fair nymph, ere long :”

And then at once began to sing ;

You should have heard the welkin ring,

For at the sweet affecting sound

The fauns and wood-nymphs danced around ;

And e’en the sturdy mountain oak,

Bowed as the strain his heart awoke.

No greater joy the hills inspires,

When Phœbus old Parnassus fires :

Nor more at Orpheus’ mighty voice,

Did Thrace and Rhodope rejoice.

He sang how through the vast profound

Of universe, the seeds were found,

Not of the earth and sea alone,

But whence the breath of air was blown,

And liquid fire ;—how All from these

Had being :—and begirt with seas,

This fair round earth herself hath grown,

Till 'gainst its firm compacted soil  
Old Nereus 'gan to rage and boil,  
And over each created thing  
Its mantling shape did Nature fling :  
Then saw the earth with dull amaze,  
The glorious sun's first orient blaze ;  
And fuller drops from heaven fall,  
As lifts the clouds' o'ershadowing pall.  
Then 'gan the woods the hills to crown,  
And beasts to scatter up and down,  
In wonder, doubt, and strange distress,  
Along the pathless wilderness.  
Then came the stones which Pyrrha threw,  
And Saturn's reign so good and true,  
And kind Prometheus' furtive raid,  
By fell Caucasian birds repaid.

And now he sings of that wild shore,  
Which hears the echoes evermore  
Of that sad cry to heaven upraised,  
For Hylas by his friends amazed ;  
Who lately at the fountain left,  
Now mourn him from their circle reft.

Then Maid we hear thy love-sick groan,  
Too happy if thou ne'er had'st known  
The lowing herds that pasture free,  
Or that white bull who rules the lea,  
And thy sad heart, Pasiphae!  
Say, maiden, by what madness fired  
Thy wretched soul such love inspired?  
'Tis said that Prætus' daughters fair,  
With feigned lowings filled the air;  
But none of these by frenzy led,  
E'er tried in such strange sort to wed,  
Although the dreaded yoke they fly,  
And feel for horns their foreheads high.  
Ah! luckless maiden, thou dost stray  
On the wild mountains far away,  
While he beneath the ilex shade,  
His snowy form full softly laid,  
Among the hyacinths and flowers,  
On tender grass in woodland bowers,  
Unconscious all doth ruminare,  
Or seek afar some kindred mate.  
"Close nymphs your forest glades, I pray—  
"Sweet nymphs of Crete, and bar the way,

“If by good chance my eager eye  
    “The wanderer’s footsteps should descry ;  
“Perhaps allured by pasture sweet,  
    “Or listening to their trampling feet,  
“He follows to Gortyna’s halls,  
    “The kine whom Phoebus homeward calls.”

And then the maiden he described,  
    Whom the Hesperian apples bribed :  
And with the mossy bark o’ergrown,  
    How Phaeton’s sad sisters moan,  
And from the river’s bank arise  
    As lofty alders towards the skies.

Next by Permessus’ sacred stream,  
    How Gallus wandered in a dream,  
And by a beauteous Muse was led,  
    To the Aonian mountains’ head ;  
When this illustrious man to greet  
    Rose all the choir of Muses sweet ;  
And Linus, whose fair temples round  
    With flowers and parsley-leaves were bound,

The shepherd-lord of song, thus spake,—

“This flute, the Muses’ gift, awake,”

“And from the Bard of Ascra learn,

“Who owned it once, the tones that burn,

“Wherewith enchanted oft he drew,

“Firm elms that on the mountains grew :

“For so by thee must now be sung,

“The source whence Gryna’s wood has sprung,

“That ’mong the groves to Phœbus dear,

“Of Gryna most he’ll love to hear.”

But how shall I the tale unfold

Of Scylla Nisus’ daughter told,

Whose radiant form was girt below,

By barking monsters working woe ;

By whom Ulysses’ ships were cast

Into the boiling whirlpool vast,

While sea-dogs round the howling shore,

The trembling sailors fiercely tore.

Or shall I say how Tereus, changed

Into a bird, through æther ranged,

For whom that dreadful dish was bared,  
By cruel Philomel prepared ;  
Accursed gift—his murdered child—  
Then how she fled unto the wild,  
But round her home to nature true,  
Hovering sad, her crime did rue.

Last came the song which Phoebus taught  
To blest Eurotas, rapt in thought,  
Who hearing bade the laurels tell  
The words that in his bosom swell.

Here ends the song, and to the sound  
The stricken valleys echo round,  
Till Hesperus, unwilling star,  
Through heaven's fields advancing far,  
The shepherds warned to hasten home,  
And count their sheep lest far they roam.



## ECLOGUE VII

---

*Melibæus Corydon Thyrsis*

*Mel.* It chanced that once upon a day,  
Beneath an ilex Daphnis lay,  
And to the spot together came  
Thyrsis and Corydon,—whose fame  
For beauty, and responsive song  
Was equal known their friends among.  
Arcadians both, their flocks they tend,  
Thyrsis his sheep, the fair milch goats his friend.  
And here while from the biting cold  
My myrtles I defend—behold  
My she-goats' lord had slyly strayed,  
And seeking him, beneath the shade,  
Daphnis I then perceived, and he  
No sooner saw, than called to me  
“Ho! Melibæus, hasten here,  
Thy goat and kids are browsing near:

And if for time thou be not prest,  
     Sit here awhile, my friend, and rest.  
 See to the reedy river's brink  
     Cows through the meadows come to drink ;  
 Where Mincius gently flows along,  
     And blends with bees his pleasant song."

What could I do? for I had none,  
     (Phyllis and Alcippe gone)  
 To shut away my weanling lambs  
     From draining all their milky dams ;  
 And yet the match now coming on,  
     Thyrsis between and Corydon  
 I longed to hear,—so to their sport  
     For once must yield my anxious thought.  
 And now began this contest great,  
     Which these two Bards did alternate :  
 Alternate verse—ye Muses dear—  
     Is ever pleasant to mine ear.  
 Thus Corydon began the song,  
     Its echo Thyrsis did prolong.

*Cor.* Nymphs of Libethra, whom I love,  
 Grant to my song such praise above,  
     As greeteth Codrus mine.

Or if, since he with Phœbus vies,  
Such power to me the God denies,  
This clear-voiced flute I dearly prize  
Shall hang on yonder pine.

*Thyr.* Arcadians, weave the ivy fair  
To grace this budding Poet's hair,  
Though Codrus burst with spite.  
Or if his false and flattering tongue  
(Ill luck to breed) my praise have sung,  
Protect from harm this forehead young  
With rowan—wreath of might!

*Cor.* Delia, this head of shaggy boar  
And long-lived stag's horns branching o'er,  
Thine altar now hath crowned.  
Grant Micon sport, and thou shalt stand  
A marble glory in the land,  
With purple buskins bound.

*Thyr.* Huge bowls of milk, cakes sweet and fine,  
Priapus, yearly shall be thine,—  
Guard of my field and fold.

Thy bust is marble for a time,  
Give but my flock good lambing-time,  
Thou shalt be all of gold.

*Cor.* Sweeter than Hybla's thymy air,  
Than ivy pale or swan more fair,  
Kind Galatea, come.  
If still thy Corydon is dear,  
Come, Nereus' daughter, when the steer  
Turns from his pasture home.

*Thyr.* Bitterer than crowfoot of the mead,  
Rougher than Ruscus, prickly reed,  
More worthless than the vile sea-weed  
May I appear to thee,  
If this day be not like a year :—  
Have done, for shame, thou greedy steer,  
Haste homeward o'er the lea.

*Cor.* Let mossy fountains cool and deep,  
And vernal grass more soft than sleep,  
And arbute's speckled shade,

Defend the cattle from the heat,  
 For now the hot sand burns their feet,  
 Though burgeons every vine-branch sweet,  
     Red summer rules the glade.

*Thyr.* Red gleams the hearth, the fire burns bright,  
 Upleaps the oily torch's light,  
 The walls with smoke are black as night,  
     For now 'tis winter all.  
 We care no more for north winds cold,  
 Than wolf for numbers in the fold,  
 Or for the banks the river bold,  
     When Heaven's torrents fall.

*Cor.* I love tall junipers to see,  
 And shaggy chestnuts spreading free,  
 And apples strewed beneath each tree,  
     And autumn's smiling sky.  
 But when Alexis is away  
 From these our hills, (woe worth the day)  
     The rivers all are dry.

*Thyr.* Parched are the fields, the herbage dies,  
 And Bacchus to the hills denies  
     The vine-tree's grateful shade.

Comes Phyllis and the woods are green,  
 And Jupiter hath changed the scene,  
     With pleasant showers arrayed.

*Cor.* Alcides loves the poplar best,  
 With vine-leaves is great Bacchus drest,  
 In myrtle bowers doth Venus rest,  
     The bay doth Phœbus crown.  
 But hazels are to Phyllis dear,  
 Whilst them she loves,—to me it's clear  
 Nor bay nor myrtle far or near,  
     Can match the hazel brown.

*Thyr.* The ash tree is the forest queen,  
 On mountains high the fir is seen,  
 By rivers gleams the poplar sheen,  
 In gardens reigns the pine.  
 But queenly ash and fair pine tree,  
 My Lycidas must yield to thee,  
 If thou wilt oftener come to me,  
     And make my dwelling thine.

This I remember was the end,  
     For Thyrsis could no more contend,  
 Henceforth with us, there is but one,  
     One name with all,—'tis Corydon.

## ECLOGUE VIII

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*Damon Alphesibæus*

Heard ye the shepherd-notes that ring,  
Damon and Alphesibæus sing,  
The songs which struck with deep amaze  
A heifer—who forgot to graze,  
And watched the sounds, which e'en did pierce  
The hidden souls of lynxes fierce,  
While rivers left their ancient bed,  
And rested where the minstrels led ;  
Sing we these shepherds' noble song,  
That it may live in memory long.

But thou, I know not whither led,  
Or o'er Timavus' rocky bed,  
Or if thou coastest by the shore,  
On which Illyrian billows roar ;

When will it ever come—that day,  
    When I thy noble deeds shall say,  
Or through the world thy verses name,  
    Which merit Sophoclean fame.  
My songs as from a fount, my friend,  
    From thee derived, with thee shall end.  
Accept, my Pollio, the lays  
    Thou didst command; and with the bays,  
Which on thy glorious temples shine,  
    Let me this ivy chaplet twine.

Night's cool shades had scarcely fled,  
    Nor yet awakened from their bed,  
    On the sweet grass the kine had fed,  
When on his staff of olive low  
    Damon bending, voiced his woe.

*Damon*

Rise, Lucifer, and bring the day,  
    That to its kind ear I may say,  
How by unworthy love beguiled,  
    My Nisa on another smiled;  
Then to the Gods, although in vain



I call them witness once again,  
This my last hour I will complain :—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

Old Mænalus for ever loves  
The pines that speak, the whispering groves,  
And to the shepherds' loves doth list,  
And to great Pan with wonder hist.  
Pan who first tuned the shepherd's flute,  
And bade it never more be mute :—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

My Nisa is to Mopsus given—  
What may not lovers ask from heaven?  
Next griffins will with horses wed,  
And timid deer with dogs be led  
To drink at the same fountain's head :—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

Mopsus, this is the happy night,  
Be quick, the new-made torches light,

And see—they lead thy blooming bride,  
Scatter the nuts, blest husband, wide.  
Hesperus Cæta quits for thee,  
And shineth on thy revelry:—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

Oh! worthy husband hast thou gained,  
For whom thou hast all men disdained,  
And as for me and my poor flute,  
Thy fancy now no more we suit;  
And e'en my she-goats vex thee now,  
And my rough beard and shaggy brow,  
Nor of the Gods' care dost thou deem,  
As other than an idle dream:—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

Have I not seen thee, little one,  
In our garden gladly run  
By my gentle mother's side,  
With me, too, for thy loving guide?  
To pick the dewy apples sweet,  
Which falling kissed thy little feet.

I was barely twelve years old,  
But standing on the ground could hold  
    The fragile branch, thine hand to aid.  
Alas! I saw thee, cruel maid,  
I saw, and loved, and was betrayed!  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
    With me the old Mænalian strain.

Ah! now I know where Love was bred,  
    'Twas where rough Tmaros lifts his head;  
Or the hard rocks of Rhodope;  
    Or haply far beyond the sea.  
The Garamantes, rude and wild,  
    On the red desert reared the child,  
For not in our more gentle race,  
    Can we his savage lineage trace:—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
    With me the old Mænalian strain.

'Twas cruel Love one fatal day  
    That taught a mother's hands to slay  
Her infant sons,—ah! cruel Dame—  
    More cruel she, or his more shame?

Yes, cruel was the mother—true,  
But Love, the Boy, was wicked too :—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

From timid sheep the wolf may flee,  
Hard oaks gold apples bear for me ;  
In vain the bright narcissus flower  
Shall gild the dark-green alder bower.  
From the tamarisk mean and low,  
The precious amber juice may flow,  
Owls may in song with swans contend,  
To Tityrus great Orpheus bend.  
Orpheus who erst the woods did lead,  
Arion whom the dolphins heed :—  
Begin my flute to wake again,  
With me the old Mænalian strain.

And now o'er all may ocean swell,  
And pleasant woods to you farewell ;  
For from yon tower on airy steep,  
I plunge me headlong in the deep.  
Yet take thou this my last bequest,  
Before I go unto my rest :—

Hush! hush! my flute, nor wake again,  
For me the old Mænalian strain.

Such Damon's melancholy lay—  
What did Alphesibœus say?  
Pierian Muses, soothly tell—  
Such wonders cannot all men spell.

*Alphesibœus*

Bring forth the water, and around  
With fillets be the altar bound,  
And now the fragrant incense burn,  
And oily vervain, which may turn  
My husband's cold averted mind,  
And make him to his wife more kind.  
Only songs are wanted now,  
To magic songs his soul shall bow:  
Forth, then my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

To magic songs it hath been given  
To draw the pale moon down from heaven;  
With songs Ulysses' friends deranged,  
By Circe into swine were changed.

And men have known the snake accurst  
By songs transfixed, asunder burst :  
Fly then, my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

Three threads of divers colours twined,  
Around thy form I first must bind ;  
Then three times round the altar go,  
Thine image to the Gods to shew,  
Odd numbers please them evermo' :  
Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

Now must thou, Amaryllis mine,  
Three knots of several colours twine,  
And as each knot is tied, say thou,  
“The chains of Venus weave I now :”  
Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

As this clay doth harder grow,  
As this wax figure melteth slow,  
Under the selfsame heat of fire,  
So soft, yet firm, be his desire.

Scatter the salt, my maiden, now,  
    And fire with pitch this laurel bough,  
As I for cruel Daphnis burn,  
    This laurel crackles in return :  
Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
    And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

May such love my Daphnis fill,  
    As heifer seeking o'er the hill,  
And through the forest and deep groves,  
    The noble bull she fondly loves.  
She lying wearied and forlorn,  
    Among the sedges dense doth mourn,  
Nor dreadeth by the river's side  
    The long night's chilly dew to bide.  
Such tender pains may he endure,  
    A lightsome task for me to cure :  
Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
    And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

Earth to thee I now commend,  
    These relics of my treacherous friend,  
Which of his presence when bereft,  
    As pledges dear, with me he left.

I bury them beneath the door,  
His debt to witness evermore :  
Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

These herbs and this envenomed juice,  
For me did Mœris' self infuse,  
By him in Pontus culled—where grow  
Full many herbs for weal and woe :  
By these great Mœris have I seen,  
Range like a wolf through forest green,  
And spirits of the silent tomb  
Rise at his bidding out the gloom,  
While his strong spells could wile away  
To other fields the harvest gay :  
Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

Now, Amaryllis, ashes bring,  
And in the running water fling,  
Above thy head, nor backward look.  
If this last charm his spirit brook,  
With which I will approach him now,  
To Gods and spells he will not bow :



Away, my songs, away to Rome,  
And fetch my Daphnis, lead him home.

But stay now—see the flickering flame  
On the dull coal this instant came  
Self-kindled.—Be the omen good,  
Oh! have I rightly understood,  
I know not what to think, yet Hark!  
Before the door doth Hylax bark,  
Can it be true? or must I deem  
That all is but a lover's dream?

Forbear, my songs, for now from Rome  
Cometh my love, my Daphnis home.

## ECLOGUE IX

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*Lycidas Mæris*

*Lycidas* Whither, my Mæris, art thou boune?  
Is't where the road leads—to the town?

*Mæris* Oh! Lycidas, we've seen this day,  
And lived to hear the stranger say,  
This new possessor of our land—  
“Begone, old hinds to foreign strand,  
“These fields are mine.” 'Tis past belief!  
Now vanquished, sad, without relief.  
Since chance hath turned all upside down,  
My errand leads me to the town  
To our new lord, as prudence bids,  
(Ill luck to him) to give these kids.

*Lycidas* And yet they told me that the plain  
From where the hills recede again,

And with a gentle shelving sweep  
Slope downwards from their ridges steep;  
To where beside the water reaches  
Stand yet those old stag-headed beeches,  
All to Menalcas still belongs,  
Preserved by his delightful songs.

*Mæris* Thou heardest right, for so 'twas said,  
But songs must humbly bow the head  
When swords are drawn, nor more avail  
Than the Chaonian ring-doves' tale,  
To shield from fate their gentle lives,  
When through the air the eagle drives:  
And if I had not heard the croak  
Of the wise raven in the oak,  
Foretelling of some further woe,  
And warning me to 'scape the blow,  
Not Mæris, nor Menalcas dear  
Could be in living presence here!

*Lycidas* Lives there a man could plot such crime?  
To think, that at the selfsame time,  
Menalcas, of thy presence reft,  
To me no comfort more were left;

For who like thee the Nymphs could sing,  
 Or who could make such sweet flowers spring  
 From mother-earth, or plant the trees  
 Which shade our founts, and woo the breeze.  
 Or who would pour such verses free,  
 As listening late I caught from thee,  
 When to thine Amaryllis dear,  
 Who charms us all, thou would'st draw near:  
 "Good Tityrus, my she-goats feed  
 Till I return, 'twill be with speed,  
 The way is short, and, when they've fed,  
 See to the brook that they be led,  
 And while thou tendest them, take care,  
 The he-goat butts, of him beware!"

*Mæris* Or those he late to Varus sang,  
 Which through the woods unfinished rang:  
 "Varus, if Mantua remain  
 Unwrested from our hands again,—  
 Alas! for Mantua we fear,  
 To poor Cremona all too near—  
 Our swans shall bear thy name on high,  
 To dwell for ever in the sky."

*Lycidas* May thy healthy thriving bees,  
 E'er eschew Cyrnean trees;  
 And citysus they love so well,  
 Make all thy heifers' udders swell:  
 But now begin, my Friend, to sing,  
 In my ears e'en do verses ring.  
 The Nymphs Pierian taught me song,  
 And shepherds deemed, yet deemed they wrong  
 (For I would ne'er believe it true)  
 That I was born a Poet too.  
 For my poor verse I must not dare  
 With Cinna's even to compare,  
 Or Varius'—such seems my song,  
 As cackling goose sweet swans among.

*Mæris* Would that I could—but let me see  
 If aught avails my memory.  
 'Twas something too, a song of note,  
 And thus it was, I think he wrote:  
 "Come, Galatea, here, I pray,  
 What pleasure is't with waves to play?  
 The rosy spring is blooming now,  
 And round the earth's rejoicing brow

The flowers their varied chaplet wreathe,  
 And o'er the streams sweet odours breathe ;  
 The glistening beal-tree shades the cave,  
 And vine-leaves soft their tracery wave.  
 Come, then, let mad waves lash the shore,  
 Come, Nymph, and glad us evermore."

*Lycidas* But cans't recall those verses sweet,  
 Which once my listening ears did greet?  
 When on thee singing I did light,  
 Beneath the still pure air of night.  
 The tune I do remember well,  
 The words I cannot rightly spell.

*Mæris* "Oh! why, my Daphnis, dost thou gaze  
 Upward to the wondrous maze  
 Of ancient planets, beaming bright,  
 Which dawn upon the world of night?  
 See how through heaven advanceth far,  
 Great Dionæan Cæsar's star,  
 A star, beneath whose potent ray,  
 Shall spring broad harvests rich and gay :  
 And ruby-red the grapes shall glow,  
 On sunny hillsides where they grow.

Graft thy choice pear trees Daphnis, now,  
 Thy grandson glad shall reap the bough."

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Unsparring time bears all away,  
 The memory, too. In boyhood's day  
 I oft have watched the lingering sun  
 Go down, before my songs were done.  
 Now, all my many songs forgot,  
 My voice itself abideth not ;  
 'Tis useless any more to try,  
 Some wolf hath mastered Moeris' eye,  
 Small matter—oft enough his verse  
 To thee, Menalcas will rehearse.

*Lycidas* Thy words but make me more to long  
 To hear thee end thy pleasant song ;—  
 'Tis silent o'er the watery plain,  
 And, to receive thy welcome strain,  
 Hushed is each murmur of the wind :  
 And half the way is left behind,  
 For now Bianor's tomb we see :  
 So where yon peasants strip the tree,

Suffer thy kids to browse awhile,  
And with thy songs the time beguile.  
Or if to town thou must amain,  
Lest clouding night should threaten rain;  
Then sing we cheerly as we go,  
The less will seem our toil and woe:  
And to set free again thy song,  
Come let me bear thy load along.

*Mæris* Nay, but to business first attend,—  
To songs when He is come, my Friend.



## ECLOGUE X

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*Gallus*

Grant, Arethusa, once again,

    This one this last Sicilian strain,

To Gallus now I fain would sing,

    Some lines that in the ears may ring,

Of his Lycoris dear. And who

    Would grudge a song to Gallus due?

Grant this, and when beneath the tides

    Of Sicily thy streamlet glides,

I'll Doris pray, who rules the sea,

    That never salt wave mix with thee.

Come, let us sing his love and care,

    While on young shoots my she-goats fare;

We sing to no deaf ears—for nigh

    The woods all listen, and reply.

What groves were they, and where the glades

    That hid you in their secret shades,

Ye Naiads, that ye never knew  
    When Love unkind my Gallus slew ?  
For surely not Parnassus' height,  
    Nor Pindus' ridges bounding sight,  
Nor Aganippe's sacred spring  
    Detained you, where the Muses sing.  
Bright laurels wept him evermore,  
    The lowly tamarisks wept sore ;  
And Mænalus who saw him lie  
    Beneath the lone rock woefully,  
In pity bowed his pine-crowned head ;  
    And tears Lycœus' cold rocks shed.  
The gentle sheep which stand around,  
    Poet divine, in tears are drowned :  
Despise them not, their love is true,  
    The beautiful Adonis too  
Was not ashamed his flock to feed,  
    And by the river's side to lead.

The shepherd came, and swineherds slow,  
    And hands all reeking from the trough  
Of winter's nuts, Menalcas came.

“ Whence cry they, whence this fatal flame ? ”

The great Apollo's self drew near,  
And whispered kindly in his ear,—  
“Gallus, art mad? Lycoris fair  
“Through snows and bristling camps doth dare  
“Another love to seek,—Forbear!”  
Sylvanus came, whose head did bend  
With honours as the Farmer's friend,  
And shook his wreath of fennel light,  
And towering lilies gleaming bright.  
Pan came, the god of Arcady,  
(Whom I was privileged to see—  
The temples of his radiant head  
With elder berries blushing red—)  
“Hath grief no limits then?” said he,  
“Love cares not for such things—not he—  
Tears no more sate him than the rain  
Can ever sate the thirsty plain,  
Or cytissus' delightsome boughs  
The bees which suck or goats which browse.”  
Sad he replied, “yet shall ye sing  
These things, and make your mountains ring,  
Arcadian shepherds, ye alone  
Are skilled to wake the song's sweet tone.  
Oh! gently would my limbs repose,

If your clear flutes could sound my woes ;  
 And would the happy lot were mine,  
     As one of you to prune the vine,  
 Or guard the flock, for surely there  
     Amyntas' self, or Phyllis fair—  
 What of Amyntas' swarthy hue?  
     The whortle's dark, the violet blue—  
 If either 'neath the willow bough,  
     Or pliant vine were with me now,  
 Phyllis with flowers would braid my hair,  
     Amyntas sing away my care.

Here are cool founts, Lycoris dear,  
     Soft turf and shady groves are near :  
 Here would I spend my peaceful age,  
     With thee to share my hermitage.  
 Yet me hath maddening Love now driven,  
     Where men in arms have fiercely striven ;  
 In panoply of cruel Mars,  
     To fight the foe in distant wars ;  
 And thou from home and country too,  
     Self-banished, can it all be true ?  
 'Mid Alpine snows and frosts of Rhine  
     Alone dost range, nor help is mine !

Ah! should the frost thy frame subdue,  
And jagged ice thy feet pierce through!  
But treasured lines with me remain,  
(Part of an old Chalcidian strain,)  
To these I would the music suit,  
Of some Sicilian shepherd's flute:  
For, well I wot can love forlorn,  
'Mong savage beasts, in woods be borne,  
Where all my grief in words of might,  
On tender bark these hands shall write,  
That as the tree doth heavenward grow  
May mount the story of my woe!  
Then with the Nymphs I'll traverse o'er  
Great Mænalus, and hunt the boar:  
Nor shall the winter's bitter cold  
Restrain from chase my spirit bold,  
For many a fleet and trusty hound  
Parthenian glades shall ring around.  
Through echoing woods I seem to race,  
And o'er the rocks pursue the chase,  
And like the Parthian draw the bow,  
And hurl Crete's arrows winged with woe;—  
As if such things could passion tame,  
Or move that god to quench its flame!

No Dryad nymph can bring relief,  
     Nor song assuage my bitter grief ;  
 Away ye woods, ye please no more,  
     Love alters not for evermore.  
 No deeds of mine with him prevail,  
     Not though I trace the icy vale  
 Of Hebrus, in the winter wild,  
     And drink his stream, like Thracia's child.  
 'Twere vain to brave Sithonian snow,  
     Or breast the wintry torrent's flow ;  
 Or where red Cancer rules the sky,  
     And on the elm the bark doth die,  
 An Ethiopian shepherd true,  
     To watch my sheep, and patient rue.  
 Love conquers all, so we must yield  
     To him, ere fought, the stricken field."

Pierian Nymphs, your Poet's song,  
     What boots it further to prolong,  
 While here he sits, and deftly weaves  
     His baskets of hibiscus-leaves ?  
 Deign yet, ye goddesses, to raise  
     On high these lines, which Gallus praise :

Gallus for whom my love in power  
    Increaseth ever, hour by hour;  
As in young spring the alder green,  
    Higher and higher still is seen.  
But let us rise and leave the shade,  
    Where we too long our limbs have laid:  
A baneful shade o'er those who sing,  
    The juniper is known to fling,  
And sorely doth the ripening ear  
    The trees' o'ershadowing branches fear.  
Home, then, my she-goats, browse no more,  
    See, Hesper comes, the day is o'er.



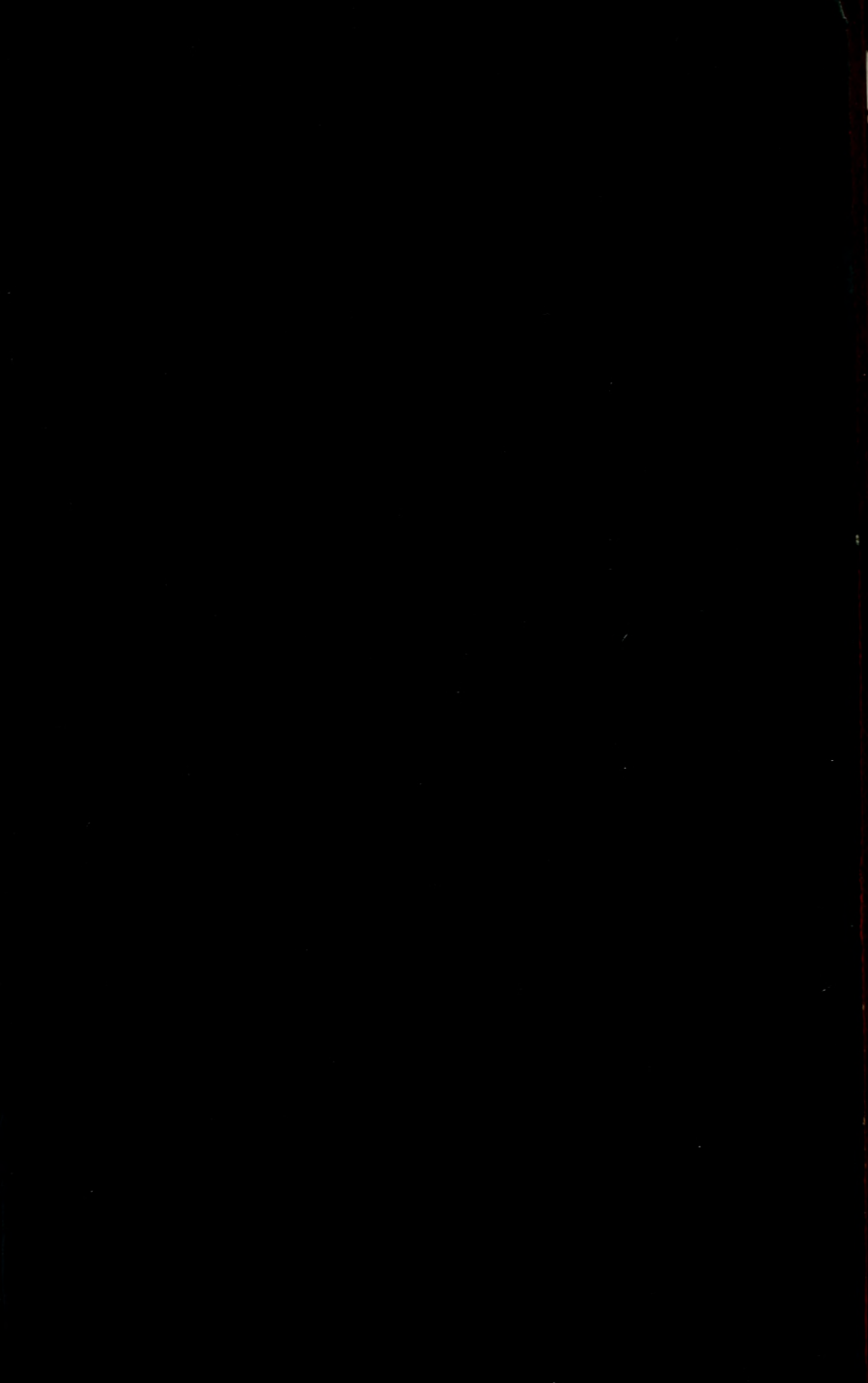












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